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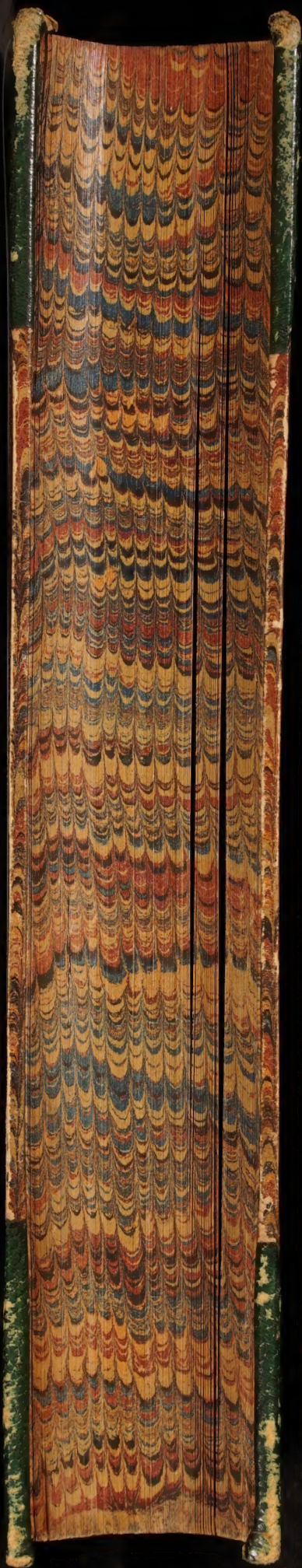


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PERCY  
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III.

POLITICAL BALLADS.  
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MARRIAGE TRIUMPH.  
PATIENT GRISSEL.











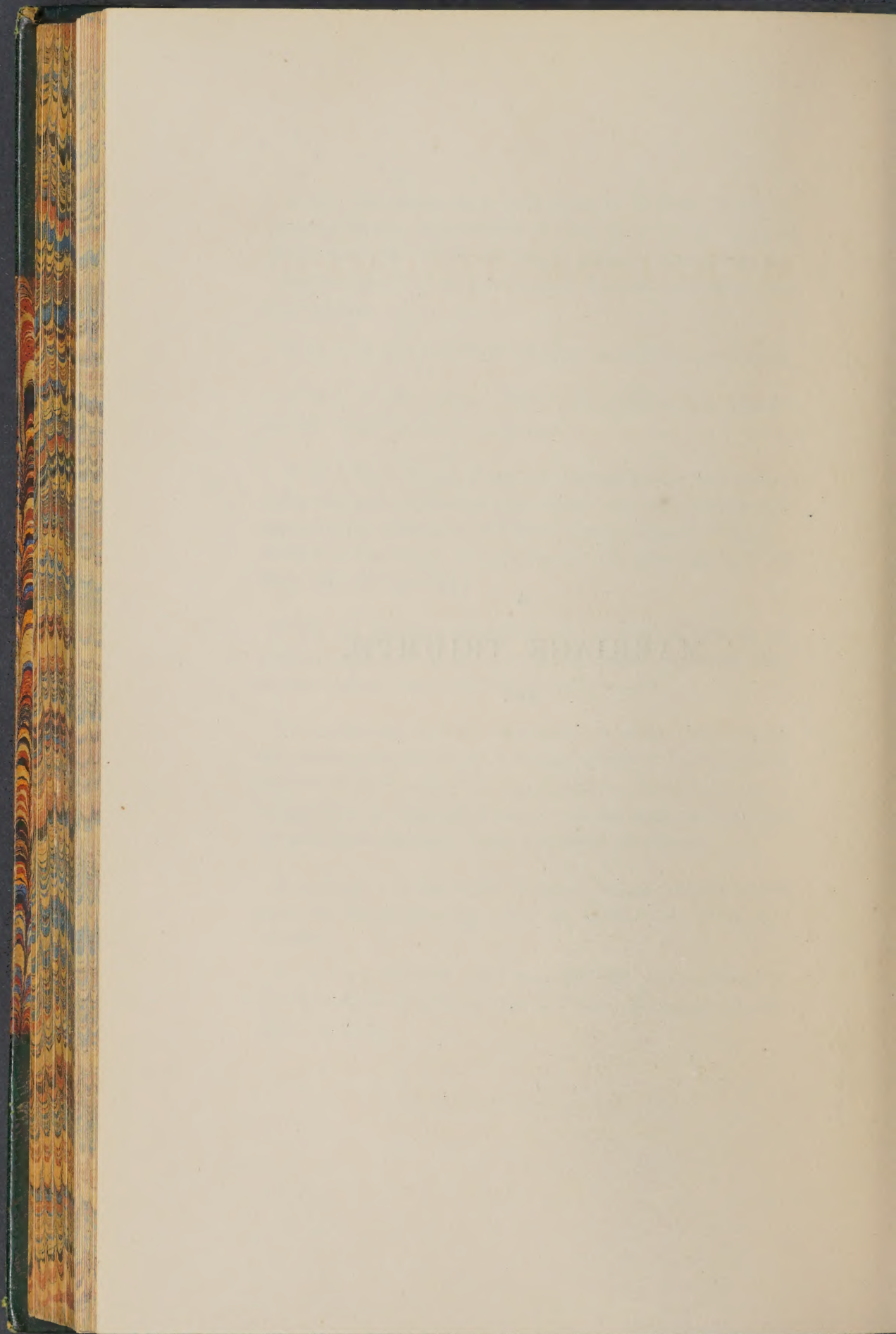














A  
MARRIAGE TRIUMPH,

ON THE  
NUPTIALS OF THE PRINCE PALATINE, AND THE  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF  
JAMES I.

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BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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Reprinted from the Edition of 1613.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

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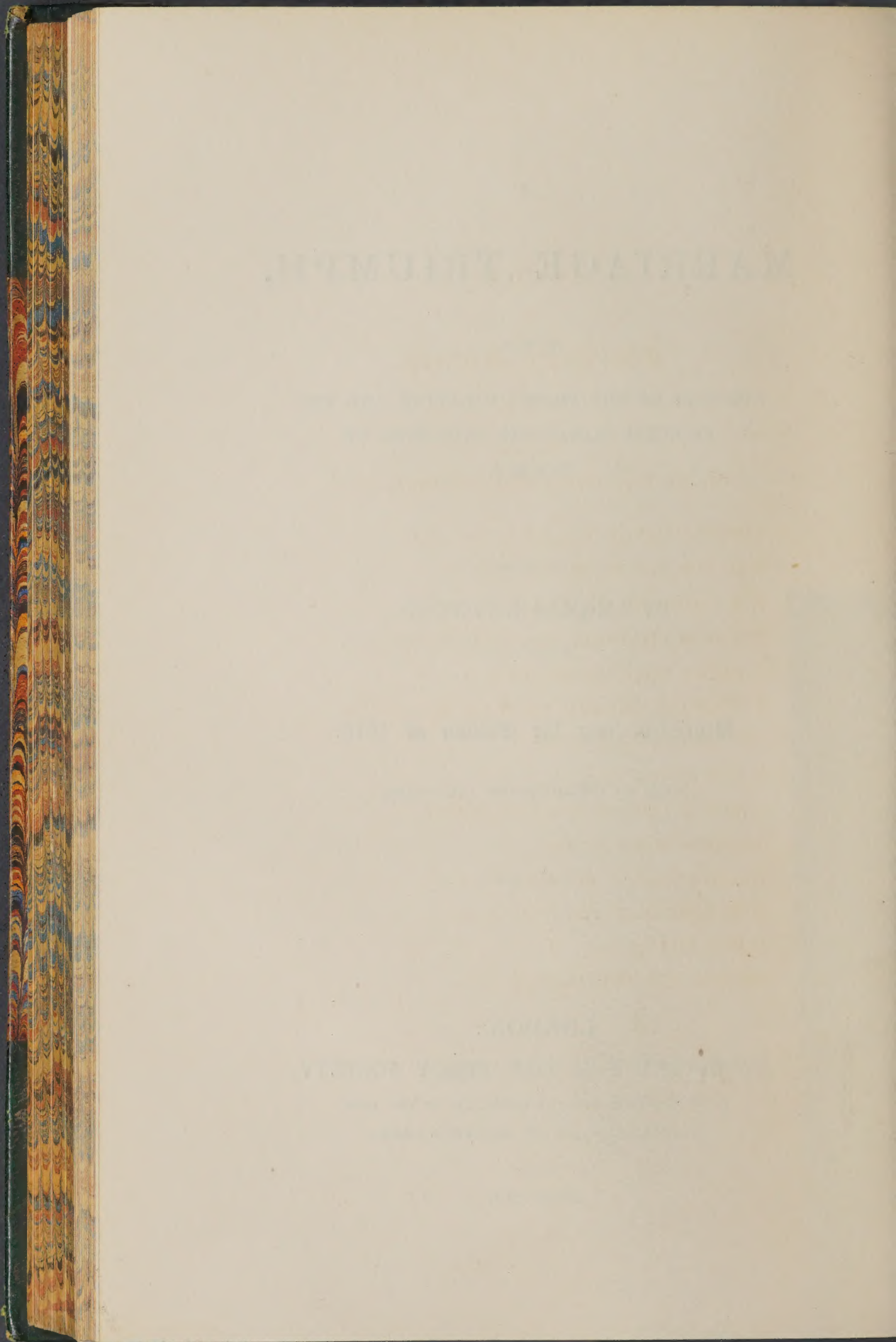
LONDON:  
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, FOR THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE  
C. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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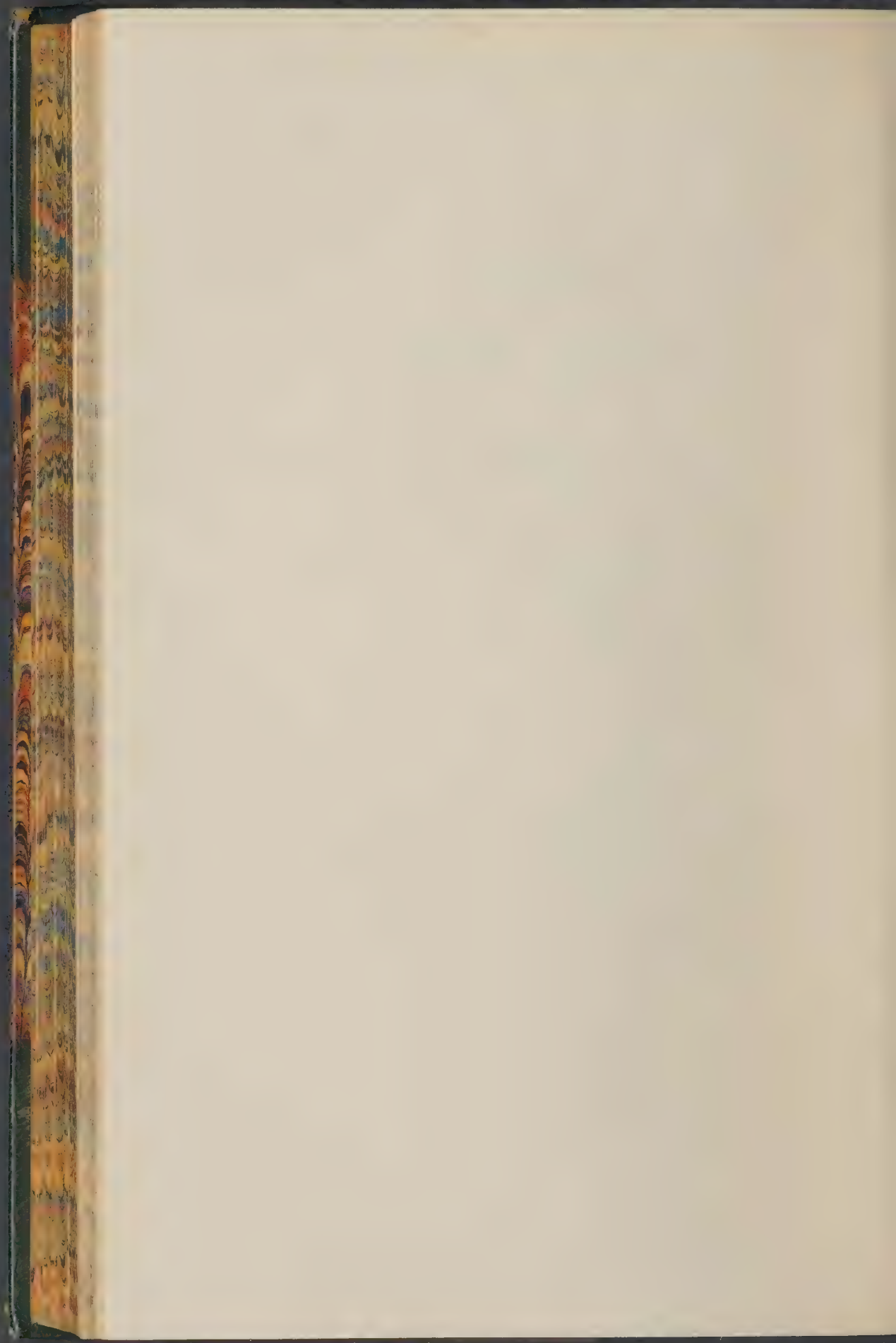
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## INTRODUCTION.

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OF the various poetical effusions on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I, on the 14th February 1613, the following is perhaps the rarest: it is, we believe, only to be traced in one sale-catalogue, that of the library of the late Mr. Bindley, and very few copies of it are in existence.

Prince Henry died on the 6th November 1612, an event which filled the nation with grief, and many were the elegies poured forth on that occasion. He had been an especial patron of poets and literary men generally, some of whom were his annual pensioners. Mr. Peter Cunningham, in the Introduction to his highly interesting volume just issued by the Shakespeare Society, "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," has shown for the first time, that Drayton and Sylvester received yearly stipends from Prince Henry, and that he was liberal in his rewards to Owen, Coryat, Cotgrave, &c. It is not therefore to be wondered that the poets of



his day gave vent to their regret in verse. One of these was Thomas Heywood, and in the ensuing production, of a very different kind, he alludes to the "Funeral Elegy" he had not long before printed.

The interval between the death of Prince Henry and the marriage of his sister, was only three months and eight days, and the court of James I then presented a singular contrast: nothing but rejoicings and triumphs were to be heard, and all classes seemed to join in an endeavour to celebrate the nuptials of the Prince Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth with peculiar splendour and festivity. The poets who in November had employed their pens in mourning the dead prince, in February stretched their fancies to testify their delight at the union of the living princess. Thomas Heywood was among the most popular and applauded writers of the time.

It is not our purpose here to attempt anything like a biographical account of him, but we may mention a few leading points of his history. Whether he were any relation to old John Heywood, the dramatist in the reign of Henry VIII, who did not die until some time after Elizabeth came to the throne, we have no means of determining; but they spelt their names in the same way, and they were engaged in the same species



of literature. John Heywood had three sons, and it is very possible that Thomas Heywood, the writer of the ensuing poem, was the offspring of one of them. He was born in Lincolnshire, and it seems certain that he received a classical education, and afterwards went to Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Peter House: all his works denote a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Latin writers, especially with the latter, and as his industry was amazing later in life, we may presume that in his youth he was not deficient in zeal for the acquisition of knowledge.

We first hear of him in the year 1596, in an entry in Henslowe's Diary, from which it appears that the old manager lent the company, called the Lord Admiral's servants, thirty shillings to enable them to buy a play by Heywood. At this date he had probably quitted the university, after obtaining his fellowship, and had directed his attention to the stage and its poetry, as a means of support. In this course he but followed the example of his immediate predecessors, Gosson, Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Lodge, and various others. The next ascertained date in connexion with Heywood's life, is 25th of March 1598, when he became a hired player in the association of actors, of which Henslowe was at the head.



From this date to the suppression of the theatres in 1642, Heywood seems to have continued a writer for, and an actor upon the stage in various companies, but of his merits in the latter capacity we have no record. Prior to the year 1633, when his "English Traveller" came from the press, he had written, or importantly contributed to, no fewer than two hundred and twenty dramatic performances. We do not find that he was ever a writer for the company to which Shakespeare belonged: before the accession of James I he was one of the Lord Admiral's Players: then, he became one of the theatrical retainers of the Earls of Southampton and Worcester, and was transferred by the latter nobleman to Queen Anne, and continued one of her actors until her death. In the capacity of a dramatic servant he formed part of her funeral procession.

When he quitted the stage we have no information—probably after the death of Queen Anne, for we do not meet with his name in any enumeration of the members of companies subsequent to 1619. Whether he left a family behind him is uncertain, but if the Thomas Heywood mentioned by Mr. P. Cunningham ("Revels Accounts," Introduction, p. xx), as "late a child of the chapel, whose voice was changed" in 1673, were any relation, he was probably grandson to the



Thomas Heywood who wrote the subsequent poem. On the same authority (p. 204), we have to add another to the list of his dramatic productions, for on the Sunday before New Year's day, 1605, "A play, How to learn a Woman to woo," by Heywood, as is recorded in the account, was performed before King James at Whitehall.

This is one of the many lost dramas by Heywood; for of the two hundred and twenty plays which he wrote, or assisted in writing, only twenty-three have come down to our day. Of these, one of the best is the historical play of "King Edward the Fourth," which is in two parts, and is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, from the extremely rare edition of 1600.

He seems to have maintained himself by his pen till very late in life, and he produced many valuable works besides such as were designed for the stage. One of the most interesting of these is an elaborate defence of his own profession, under the title of "An Apology for Actors," which was published in 1612, and of which a reprint has lately been made. Heywood's latest known work with a date, seems to be "The Life of Ambrosius Merlin," which came out in 1641, 4to. He was probably not dead in 1648, as he is spoken of as living when the "Satire against Separatists" was printed in that year.



Among his lost works we have reason to regret his collections for the biography of all the poets of his time : he was obtaining and arranging his materials between the years 1614 and 1635, after which date we hear no more of the manuscript. In all probability it has perished with many other "monuments of vanished minds."

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A

# MARRIAGE TRIVMPHE

SOLEMNIZED IN AN

## EPITHALAMIVM,

IN MEMORIE OF THE HAPPIE NUPTIALS BETWIXT THE HIGH AND  
MIGHTIE PRINCE COUNT PALATINE AND THE MOST  
EXCELLENT PRINCESSE THE LADY ELIZABETH.

WRITTEN

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Tu festas Hymenæe faces, tu Gratia flores  
Elige, tu geminas Concordia nocte coronas.

---

LONDON :

Printed for Edward Marchant, and are to be sold at his Shoppe  
in Pauls Church-yard, ouer against the Crosse.

1613.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT, AND MOST  
ADMIR'D PRINCESSE, THE LADY  
ELIZABETH.

WHOM Heaven with all choise graces hath endow'd,  
Whom both the angels praise, and men admire ;  
On whom her Maker hath his bounty show'd,  
Where nothing wants that mortall can desire.

Whose beauties are as farre beyond compare,  
As are her inward vertues of the mind,  
But in that height unmatched so rare  
We on the earth her equall cannot finde.

Her parents joy, the peeres selected pleasure,  
The peoples admiration, kingdomes wonder,  
Of forraine climes the praise, of ours the treasure,  
May this daies sacred union never sunder ;

That whilst we daily of high Heaven importune,  
We may be in your royall issue blest :  
You may still grow in bewtie, vertue, fortune,  
So with your fame our joyes may be increast.  
Prove thou a prophet, muse, say 'tis decreed,  
All Christendome shall florish in your seed.

Your Graces most humbly devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

# AN EPITHALAMION, OR NUPTIAL SONG,

CONSECRATED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE ROYAL AND MAGNIFICENT  
ESPOUSALS BETWIXT THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE FREDERICKE  
THE FIFT, COUNT PALATINE, DUKE OF BAVARIA, PRINCE ELECTOR TO  
THE EMPIRE, ETC. AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF  
THE GARTER: AND THE MOST EXCELLENT, AND EVERY-WAY ACCOM-  
PLISHED PRINCESSE THE LADY ELIZABETH, SOLE DAUGHTER TO THE  
HIGH AND MOST PUISSANT JAMES, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, KING OF  
GREAT BRITTAINE, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, ETC. DEFENDER OF THE  
FAITH, AND THE MOST VERTUOUS AND ADMIRABLE LADY, QUEENE  
ANNE.

---

Now the wet winter of our teares is past,  
And see, the cheerefull Spring appeares at last ;  
Now we may calculate by the welkins racke,  
Æolus hath chaste the clouds that were so blacke,  
And th' are beyond the hyperboreans runne  
That have so late eclipt Great Brittaines sonne.  
O thou, my muse ! that whilome maskt in sable,  
Exclaiming on the fates and chance unstable,  
Accusing phisicke, and her want of skill,  
And natures hard-heart that her owne would kill :  
On death, and his fell tyranny exclaiming,  
Chance, fortune, destiny, and all things blaming ;



Inveighing against howres, daies, months, and time,  
That cropt so sweet a blossome in his prime :  
Against mortality, that could not save  
So choyce a gemme from th' all-devouring grave ;  
But most against the cause, Brittaines transgressions,  
That so soone cal'd him to that heavenly sessions ;  
Where from this earthy mansion being translated,  
He now for ay remaines a prince instated.  
No more let us our ancient griefes pursue,  
Or the swift torrent of our teares renue ;  
No more let us with clamors fill the sky,  
Or make th' heavens eccho to each dolefull cry ;  
No more disturbe his soft sleepe, since 'tis best  
We wake him not from his eternall rest.  
Yet who could blame my muse, that did lament  
To see so faire a branch so rudely rent  
From such a stately, and broad-bearing tree,  
That might have borne like fruit ? For who to see  
So rich a treasure in a moment wasted,  
Such goodly fruit, not fully ripe, yet blasted ;  
So rich a roab, so soone dispoiled as worne,  
Such generall hopes destroid as soone as borne ;  
But with impartiall judgements must confesse,  
No muse, that can sing, but could shrieke no lesse ?  
Those that love day must thinke it much too soone,  
To see the glorious sunne to set at noone,  
And none but such as hate the cheerefull light,  
(Murderers and theeves) at mid-day wish it night.  
Is it because we breake the gods decree  
That, Tantalus, we are punisht like to thee :

Thou that their secrets durst presume to tell,  
Art with perpetuall hunger plagu'd in hell;  
Yet sundry delicates before thee stand,  
Which thou maist reach, not compasse with thy hand.  
So have the gods dealt with us, for some crime,  
To let us see the glory of our time,  
As a faire marke at which the world might gaze,  
And put the wondring nations in a maze;  
But as we stretch our hands to reach our joy,  
They snatch it hence, and all our hopes destroy.  
But now, my muse, shake off this gloomy sorrow,  
And a bright saffron roab from Hymen borrow.  
Thou that before in ravens plumes didst sing,  
Now get thee feathers from the swans white wing,  
And take an equall flight with Venus doves,  
To tune soft layes of nuptials, and sweet loves.

For now, me thinkes, I youthfull Tython see,  
The day, Aurora, that he married thee.  
The expected howre was come, the matrons shine  
In glistring robes; th' old men, as if divine,  
Apparrel'd in rich purple; them betweene,  
The sprightly youths and beauteous nymphes are seene.  
At length the blushing bride comes, with her haire  
Dishevel'd 'bout her shoulders;—none so faire  
In all that bevie, though it might appeare,  
The choycest beauties were assembled there.  
She enters with a sweet commanding grace,  
Her very presence paradie'd the place:  
Her modest blush amongst the ladies spred,  
And cast on all their cheekes a shame-fast red.



How could they chuse, their looks that seeme divine  
Before she came, eclipt are at her shine?  
They all are darkned when she 'gins t' appeare,  
And spread her beames in her illustrious spheare:  
All eyes are fixt on her: the youthfull fry  
Amazed stand at her great majesty.  
The nymphs and maids both envy and admire  
Her matchlesse beauty, state, and rich attire.  
The graver matrons stand amaz'd with wonder,  
The fathers, as if strooke with Joves sharpe thunder,  
Confounded are, as never having seene  
In their long trace of yeares so faire a queene.  
Not Hecuba, when Priam came to Thrace  
To court her for his queene, could give the place  
Such ornament:—not Spartan Hellen knew  
To attire her person in a forme so true.  
Had Perseus in his airy progresse spide  
This picture to the marble rocke fast tide,  
For her he would have fought, and as a pray  
To the sea-monster left Andromeda.  
Had Paris seene her, he had nere crost the flood,  
Hellen had beene unrapte, Troy still had stood.  
Had Thetis sonne beheld her when he saw  
Polyxena, nothing should him withdraw  
From dreadfull battle:—he had shin'd in steele,  
And not unarm'd beene wounded in the heele.  
Had Juno, Venus, or Minerva, when  
They strove for maistery, seene this lady, then,  
As vanquisht, they had left to her the ball,  
Which from his starry throne great Jove let fall.

Rut wherefore on her glories doe I dwell,  
Whose state my muse unable is to tell?  
To a bright ivory chaire the bride they bring,  
Whilst all the people Io Pœan! sing.

Now see from forth another stately arch  
Of the great palace the brave bride-groome march;  
A lovely youth, upon whose face appears  
True signes of manhood; yet he for his yeares  
And beauty, such a generall name hath wonne,  
They take him all for Venus, or her sonne.  
A mixed grace he in his visage wore,  
And but his habit shewd what sex hee bore:  
The quickest sighted eye might have mistooke,  
Having female beauty in a manly looke.  
Such lustre in Adonis cheeke did move,  
When he was haunted by the queene of love:  
So looked Hypolitus when, clad in greene,  
He was oft courted by th' Athenian queene.  
Such grace Hypomanes in publike wan,  
That day he with the swift Atlanta ran.  
So shined Perithous amongst the rest  
When mongst the Centaurs Joves son grac't the feast.  
Such seem'd th' Idæan sheepheard in the eye  
Of faire Oenone, when she saw him lye  
Upon a violet banke: such did appeare  
Yong Itis unto Galatea deere.  
Such Ciparissus seem'd, so sweete so faire,  
For whom Apollo left his fiery chaire.  
A curious roabe athwart his shoulders fell,  
By some laborious hand imbroidered well;



Cunning Arachne could no better weave,  
Nor Pallas, should the heavens she once more leave:  
The colour was of elementall blew,  
Spotted with golden starres: heere comets flew  
With blazing trains, some great appeared, some smal,  
Some were so wrought that they might seeme to fal,  
And shooting towards the earth as darting fire,  
Even in their hottest fury did expire:  
Yet in their golden course the way they went,  
They seemed to guild the azure firmament.  
You might in this discoloured roabe perceive  
The galaxia a more brightnesse leave,  
Than th' other parts of heaven, because so faire  
Cassiopeia spreads her glistering haire.  
There the quicke-sighted eagle shines, and swanne,  
And the Argoe, that the Fleece of Colchos wanne.  
Sagitarious threatens the Scorpion to have slaine,  
Who gainst him shakes his poysonous starry traine.  
With six bright lamps doth the bold Centaure stand,  
Threatning the Twins, who hold in every hand  
Bright bals of fire, eighteene they be in number,  
That if the Centaur stir, his force to cumber.  
The Northern Waggoner stands next in the roll,  
Whom Perseus with his shield frights 'bout the pole,  
The wandring Sporades 'mongst these appeare,  
Which makes the galaxia shine more cleere  
Then the other parts of heaven: this Thetis wrought,  
And as a present to the bridegroome brought;  
For who could place them in there rancks more true  
Then she, that every night takes a full view

(From top of Neptunes tarras) how they stand,  
How move, rise, set, or how the seas command?  
This mantle doth the bride-groomes body graspe,  
Buckled about him with a golden claspe.  
And as when Lucifer lifts from the waves  
His glorious head, the stars about him braves,  
Who when he moves his sacred front on high,  
Seeme in their (almost wasted) oile to die,  
And give him all the glory; with a crest  
As bright as his appeares amongst the rest  
This lovely youth: with many a comely stride  
He preaceth towards the place where sits his bride;  
Then bowes to her, she blusheth as he bends  
And honours low, his fair hand he extends  
To ceaze her ivory palme, which as he warmes,  
She breathes into him many thousand charmes  
Of loves, affections, zeale, cordiall desires,  
Chast wishes, pleasures, mixt with deepe suspires,  
Passions, distractions, extasies, amazes,  
All these he feeles, when on her eies he gazes;  
Till further boldned by a blushing smile,  
He leaves his trance, and she discends the while.  
Yet was all silence, till at this glad close,  
Through all the place, a whispering murmure rose:  
Some his perfection, some her beauty praise,  
And both above the highest degree would raise  
To exceed all comparison: some sweare  
Two such bright comets never grac't that speare,  
And as they walke the virgins strow the way  
With costmary, and sweete angelica.



With spyknard, margerom, and camomile,  
Time, buglosse, lavender, and pimpernell,  
Strawbery leaves, savory, and eglantine,  
With endive, holy thistle, sops in wine,  
Smallage, balme, germander, basell and lilly,  
The pinke, the flower-de-luce, and daffadilly,  
The gilliflowre, carnation, white and red,  
With various spots and staines enameled,  
The purple violet, paunce, and hearts-ease,  
And every flower that smell or sight can please :  
The yellow marigold, the sunnes owne flower,  
Pagle, and pinke, that decke faire Floraes bower,  
The dasie, cowslip, wal-flower, columbine,  
With the broad leaves late cropt from Bacchus vine,  
Besides a thousand other fragrant poses,  
Of woodbine, rosemary, and sundry roses.  
Next in their way, some pretious garments strow,  
Some scatter gold-wrought arras where they go :  
Others before them costly presents cast,  
Of ivory, corall, and of pearle : the last  
Bring gold and jewels : one presents a crowne  
Unto the bride, and gives it as her owne.  
Divers contend where this rich metall grew,  
In Phillipine, in Ophir, or Peru,  
Or the Malluccoes : this a carcenet  
Bestowes, with pretious stones of all kind set  
Of luster and of beauty : here was found  
The hardest and most quicke, the diamond,  
The ruby, of a perfect light and life,  
The saphir and emerald, at strife,

Which can expresse unto the eie more true  
The one a grasse-greene, th' other perfect blew,  
Heere the discoloured opal faire did shine,  
And onix deepe, dig'd from the rocky mine,  
The topas which, some say, abides the fire,  
And sardonix: what is he can desire  
A stone that's wanting? as they walke along  
The batchelers and virgins with this song,  
Tun'd to their aptest instruments, thus greeete  
Their nuptiall joyes, with strings and voyces sweete.

---

## THE EPITHALAMION.

You fairest of your sexes, how shall we  
Stile you, that seeme on earth to be divine,  
Unlesse the musicall Apollo hee,  
And shee the fairest of the muses nine?  
Not Daphne turn'd into a lawrel-tree  
    So bright could bee,  
    So faire, so free,  
Not Ariadne crown'd so cleere can shine.

Can Venus yoaked swannes so white appeare?  
Or halfe so lovely when you two embrace?  
Are not his parts admired every where,  
His sweete proportion, feature, shape, and face?  
Or like her Iris in her arched speare,  
    Or Hebe cleere  
    To Juno neere,  
To match this lady in her comely grace.



Why should we these to Venus doves compare,  
Since in blancht whiteness they their plumes exceed,  
Or to the Alpine mountaines, when they are  
Cloth'd in snow, since monstrous beasts they breed?  
Why should we to white marble pillers dare

Set two so faire,  
In all things rare,  
Since save disgrace comparisons nought breed?

Unto your selves, your selves, then we must say,  
We onely may compare: heaven, sea, nor earth  
Can parralell the vertues every way,  
Your names, your stiles, your honors, and your birth.  
On to the temple, then; why do we stay?

Use no delay,  
Loose no more day:  
By this blest union adde unto our mirth.

Charis that strewes faire Venus couch with flowers  
Joyne with the other graces to attend you,  
The muses and their influence to your dowres,  
Angels and cherubs from all ills defend you:  
The gods into your laps raigne plenteous showres,  
All heavenly powers  
Adde to your howers,  
Heavens graces, and earths guifts that may commend  
you.

Minerva, that of chastity hath care,  
And Juno, that of marriage takes regard,

The happy fortunes of these two prepare,  
And let from them no comforts be debar'd.  
Blesse them with issue, and a royall heyre :

Lucina faire,

Let one so rare

In all her future thro's be gently hard.

Prove thou, faire Fortune, in thy bounties free ;  
Be all the happiest seasons hence-forth showne  
Temperate and calme, and full of mirthfull glee,  
All joyes and comforts challenge as your owne.  
What grace and good wee can but wish to bee

May you and shee,

As heavens agree,

Injoy in your most happy prosperous crowne,

So shall the swaynes and nymphs choice presents bring,  
With yeerely offering to this sacred shrine ;  
So shall our annuall festives praise the spring,  
In which two plants of such great hope combine,  
For ever this bright day eternizing.

Timbrels shall ring

Whilst we still sing

O Hymen, Hymen ! be thou still divine.

---

But whether am I carried ? if such state  
Yong Tython and Aurora celebrate,  
What shall be then at this uniting done,  
Since in his noone-tide progresse the bright sunne



Hath never seene their equals? what blest muse  
Shall I invoke, or whose assistance use?  
What accent, in what number, or what straine,  
Shall I the weaknesse of my skill complaine?  
Oh! were I by the cleere Pegasian fount,  
Which Perseus steed made when he gan to mount,  
Where his heele stroke first grew the sacred well,  
By which Joves daughters, the nine sisters, dwell:  
Or were I laid in Aganippes spring,  
Where Pallas oft discends to heare them sing:  
Or might I come to wash my temples cleane  
In the pure drops of learned Hypocrene:  
I might have then some hope to be inspired,  
And mount the height I have so long desired.  
Yet howsoe're, I will presume to sing  
And soare according to my strength and wing.  
Then now, O Hymen! don thy brightest weed,  
That all things may successively succeed  
At these high nuptials: spread thy golden haire,  
And let no spot upon thy robes appeare,  
No wrinckle in thy front, which may presage  
The least sad chance, as at the marriage  
Of Orpheus and Euridice, when thou  
Wor'st stormes and tempests in thy angry brow:  
Or when the father of the two Atrides,  
Or their bold sonnes, contracted first their brides:  
Or when Minerva's champion Diomed,  
That wounded Venus in the hand, was sped;  
For which the goddesse curst him, and then sware  
To leave his bed adulterate, without heire:

Or when king Ceix with Alcione met,  
When at the nuptiall table thou wast set,  
Thou wouldst not lend the feast one gentle smile,  
But discontentedly sat'st all the while :  
Nor as when first the Trojan sheepeheard tooke  
Oenone, and soone after her forsooke.  
O ! put not on that habit thou then wore,  
When first faire Phedra to Duke Theseus swore ;  
But bring with thee that bright and cheerefull face,  
As when Alcest Admetus did imbrace ;  
Chaste Alcest, who to keepe him from the grave,  
Offred her life her husbands life to save.  
Not Portia, who the Romans so admire,  
Who for the love of Brutus swallowed fire ;  
Not Romes great'st honor and Collatiums pride  
For chastity, that by her owne hand dy'd,  
Can equall this Alcest ; but must give place,  
In all perfection, beauty, fame, and face.  
Appeare in those faire colours, without staine,  
As when Ulysses did the chaste love gaine  
Of his Penelope, who twice ten yeares  
Expects the absence of her lord in teares ;  
Whom neither threats, intreats, nor crowns can move  
To attend the motives to untemperate love :  
In him the vertues so united are,  
Neither Loves blandishments, nor stormes of warre,  
No Circe, Syrtes, or Charibdis deepe,  
Can from the bosome of his chaste wife keepe.  
Oh ! decke thee in thy best and hallowedst robe,  
That ere was seene upon this earthly globe :



More proudly dight, then when the gods did strive  
To grace thy pompe, when Jove did Juno wive,  
When the great thunderer gave thee a bright crowne  
And Pallas with her needle wrought thy gowne:  
When Neptune through his billowy concave sought  
And for thee a rich smaragd found and bought;  
When Phœbus on thy fore-head fixt his rayes,  
And taught thee from his harpe sweete nuptiall layes;  
When Venus to their bounties added pleasure,  
And Pluto from god Mammon gave thee treasure;  
When Mercury gave fluence to thy tongue,  
To have th' Epithilamion sweetly sung;  
When Juno to thy presence added state,  
And Cinthia, though that night she sate up late  
To watch Endimion, by her beams so bright,  
In th' oceans bottome spide a stone give light,  
A glorious shining carbuncle, and that  
She gave thee, and thou pindst it in thy hat;  
When the god Mars gave thee, not least of all,  
The richest armour in his arcenall;  
When Hebe fild thee nectar for thy tast,  
Which from the christal conduits run so fast.  
Nor did lame Vulcan come behinde in cost:  
An anticke robe, with gold richly imboast,  
With gold-smiths worke, and hammer'd from the wedge,  
With curious art, deep fring'd about the edge,  
He did present thee, (pompous to behold)  
Berontes and Pyragmon wrought in gold,  
And left their plates of steele, to shew no dearth  
Of love to thee. Thou from our mother earth

Hadst a gift too: of all the fruits that grow  
She fild her cornucopia, and did bestow  
By fertill Ceres hand, to please thy taste,  
A plenteous largesse; as in heaven thou wast  
At those great bridals, with like pompe and state,  
The rites of these high nuptials consecrate.

Whom all our populous united nation  
Attended long, with joyfull expectation,  
Whom th' empire of great Brittain wisht to see  
And th' emperour to receive with majesty:  
Whom the peeres ardently crave to behold,  
And the glad nobles in their armes t'infold,  
Whom all the nations in his way admir'd,  
Whose presence the rich court so long desir'd;  
Whom London with applause wisht to embrace,  
(The chamber of the king, and best lov'd place)  
Whom at his landing from the troublous maine,  
The people stand on shore to entertaine,  
And with glad shouts, and lowd applauses bring,  
Even to the presence of the potent king.  
Behold that prince, the empires prime Elector,  
Of the religious Protestants protector,  
The high and mighty Palsgrave of the Rhyne,  
Duke of Bavaria, and Count Palatyne,  
With titles equall, laterally ally'd  
To Mars his brood, the soldiers chiefest pride,  
That from the triple-headed Gerion have  
Kept from a timelesse and abortive grave  
Fair Belgia, and her seventeene daughters, all,  
Doom'd to a sad and mournfull funerall;



Yet each of these in former times have beene  
A beauteous lady, and a flourishing queene.  
Now when their widowed eies are drownd in teares,  
And by th' Hesperian gyant fraught with feares,  
They are freed from slaughter, and restor'd againe  
To their first height by his triumphant straine,  
A youth so lovely, that even beasts of chace,  
Staid by the way, to gaze him in the face :  
The wildest birds, his beauty to espye  
Sit round about him, and before him flye,  
And with their chirping tunes beare him along  
As if to greet him with a nuptiall song.  
But when they saw he was imbark't, returne  
As loth to leave him, and together mourne,  
Chanting unto themselves unpleasant notes  
And full of discords from their pretty throates.  
Now lancht into the deepe, see by the way,  
About his ship th' unweldy porpoise play :  
The dolphin hath quite left the southerne seas,  
And with a thousand colours seekes to please  
The princes eye, changing as oft his hue,  
As he doth wish him joyes : behold in view,  
Where shoots the little envious Remora  
Thinking his swift ship under saile to stay,  
O[r] stop her prosperous course. But when he saw  
A face so full of beautie, mixt with awe,  
Upon the hatches, sham'd what she had done,  
Her head shee doth below the channels runne.  
No boysterous whale above the waves appears  
The seas to trouble : whilst the pilot steeres,

The huge Leviathan dwels in the deepes,  
And wrapt in waters with his femall sleepes,  
As loath to move a tempest. Thus at last  
He in a prosperous calme the seas hath past :  
Neptune, meane time, in Amphitrites bowre,  
Invited to a banquet, for her dowre  
By churlish old Oceanus denide  
That paid her not, since she was first his bride :  
Shee knowing Neptune powerfull, as he's wise,  
Intreats him this olde jarre to compromise,  
This difference held so long, the god of seas  
Who being made umpire, sought both parts to please,  
That whilst he in faire Thetis pallace staid,  
The prince was past without his marine aid.  
This when he knew, that one so yong, so faire,  
Of whom the other gods had tooke such care  
In his safe waftage, and that he alone  
Of all his choice gems, had afforded none,  
Of which his wealthie channels as full stor'd,  
Grieving so puissant and so great a lord  
Should passe his waterie kingdomes, and not tast  
Part of his bountie, up he starts in hast,  
Mounts on his sea-horse, and his trydent takes,  
Which all enrag'd about his crest he shakes ;  
And calling Triton from his concave shell  
Bids him through all the deeps his furie tell ;  
That since no marchant to the Indies traded  
Whose wealthie ships, with drugs and spices laded,  
Had made the verie oceans backe to bend ;  
Since he had suffered them from end to end



To voyage his large empire, as secure  
As in the safest ouze, where they assure  
Themselves at rest ; since they for all the gold  
Pangeans fraughts them ; with great summes untold,  
Pearles, stones, silks, sweet-perfumes and amber-greece,  
With profits richer farre then Jasons Fleece ;  
Since neither marchant, nor yet man of warre,  
Poore fisherman, or such as reckoned are  
Sonnes of the sea, or bastards, pyrats fell,  
For all the wealth in which the seas excell,  
And they have thrived so richly, would make knowne  
This newes to him, they now shall tast his frowne.  
Streight the foure brothers from their brazen caves  
Æolus unlocks, who shake above the waves  
Their flaggie plumes, and as they rise or fall  
They hatch huge tempests : still doeth Neptune call  
To make a turbulent sea. Triton shrills lowd  
T' invoke the helpe of every stormie clowd ;  
They all conspire in horroure, at new warre.  
Meane time the foure seditious brothers jarre :  
The southwind brings with him his spightfull showers,  
And gainst the cold and stormie Boreas powers  
His spitting waters ; in whose foule disgrace  
His gusts return them backe in Austers face ;  
Bleake Aquilo still with the west-wind crosse,  
Mountaines of waves against his foe doth tosse,  
And he as much at him : in this fierce brall  
Poore ships are shaken, some are forc't to fall  
So low, that they black Orcus may espie,  
And suddenly are bandied up so high,

As if the barke with tackles, masts, and shrouds,  
Jove would, like th' Argoe, snatch above the clouds.  
No marvell, we so many wracks to heare,  
Since Neptune hath of late beene so austere;  
So many ships being foundred, split and lost,  
So many wrackt-men, cast on every coast;  
So many, that my passionate teares inforces,  
Since all the seas seem'd to be shor'd with coarses.  
Long Neptunes furie lasted, made great spoile,  
And wrackes at sea; for still the billowes boile  
With wrath and vengeance, till the queene of Love  
Borne of the frothie waves, this suit gan move:  
That since the high solemnitie drew neere  
Of this faire couple, to the gods so deere,  
As heaven and earth did in their joyes agree,  
So at the last would his calm'd waves and he.  
These words of hers great Neptune did appease;  
So with his Trident straight he calm'd the seas.  
Now's the glad day, how can it other be  
But a presage of all prosperitie;  
The early Howres, that from her roseat bed  
Aurora call, the Night have banished;  
And envying shee so long hath sojourned here,  
They chase the hag from off this hemisphere:  
Who, when she but espies the peepe of day,  
Wrapt in her mistie darknesse speeds away  
To the Cymerians, were she meanes to dwell,  
And hide her horrid darksome front in hell:  
But ere her blacke and cloudie face she steeps,  
The starres from off heavens azured floare she sweeps,



And will not let them see the glorious bride,  
Whose presence was her hated lookes denide.  
This day Apollo in his orbe of fire  
Ryseth before his hower, her face t' admire;  
And in meere joy that he may gaze his fill,  
He capers as he mounts th' Olympique hill:  
The Morning blusheth, guiltie of the wrong  
That she hath kept his steedes untrac't so long,  
And such deepe sorrowes in her eyes appears  
That all the world she waters with her teares.  
But when this universall joy she cals  
To her remembrance, teares no more she fals,  
But for the glistering rayes of Phoebus seekes,  
With whose bright beames shee dries her blubbred  
cheekes.

The monstrous signes by which the sunne must passe  
Guild with his glittering streakes their scalles of brasse.  
Phoebus as oft, as he hath past the line,  
Hath never seene them in such glory shine,  
And all to grace these nuptials: Jove's high court  
Is 'gainst this day new starr'd (as some report)  
With stones and gems, and all the gods attired  
In there best pompe to make this day admired.  
The Seasons have prefer'd the youthful Spring  
To be at this high states solemnizing;  
Who, lest he should be wanting at that day  
Brings Februarie in, attyred like May,  
And hath, for hast to shew his glorious prime,  
Stept or'e two moneths, and come before his time.  
And that's the cause, no strange preposterous thing,  
That we this yeare have such a forward Spring.

The Summer now is busied with her seed,  
Which quickening in the earth begins to breed,  
And being sickish cannot well be spar'd.  
Autumne, in beggers rags attired, not dar'd  
Intrude into so brave a pompous traine.  
Old Winter, clad in high furies, showers of raine  
Appearing in his eyes, who still doth goe  
In a rug gowne, ashied with flakes of snow,  
Shivering with cold, at whose long dangling beard  
Hangs isickles, with hoarie frosts made hard,  
Dares not approach, nor in that center move,  
Where lives so sweet a Summer of warme love.  
Therefore by Janus double face he's past  
Retyring by December, speeding fast  
Backward, with more then common aged speed,  
Most willing that the fresh Spring should succeed,  
With chearefull lookes and his greene dangling haire,  
Winters most wastefull ruines to repaire.  
But oh ! leane Lent, why should thy pale lancke cheekes  
Threaten a suddaine dearth for seven spare weekes  
After this surplusage ? but that the god,  
That swayes the ocean with his three tin'd rod,  
Would feast these nuptials with his various cheere,  
And nothing thinke that the sea holds too deere :  
Because that as the heavens gave free assent,  
With th' Earth to fill these bridals with content,  
Even so the seas their bounties would afford  
With seasonable cates to crowne their bord.  
Bacchus hath cut his most delicious vine,  
And sent it through his swiftest river Rhine,



Least to these bridals it might come too late,  
Which Brittain with such joy doth celebrate.  
What planet, starre, fate, influence, or spheere,  
But in their operative powers hold deere  
These faire espousals? Is there vertue, grace,  
Or any goodnesse, but doth claime chiefe place  
In these great triumphs? Can the heavens afford  
Blessings that doe not crowne this bridall bord?  
Can man devise, or of the gods importune  
A choice selected good, or speciall fortune,  
Which heer's not frequent? 'Mongst the saints divine,  
Be ever henceforth crown'd, Saint Valentine:  
Of all thy hallowings, let not this be least,  
That thy saints day is honour'd with this feast.  
Thou hast the favour to lead in the Spring,  
And to thy feastive eve the birds first sing,  
With joy that Winter doth the earth forsake:  
Upon this day they each one chuse his make.  
Couple in paires, and first begin t' inquire  
Where they may pearch, to quench the raging fire  
Of their hot loves, where they may safely build  
And from the bitter stormes their yong ones shield,  
Until there naked bodies be ful plum'd,  
And that with their fledgd wings they have assumed  
Courage and strength, that when the season's faire  
They with their careful dams may prove the ayre.  
Learne everie of you a new nuptiall lay  
To solemnize the triumphs of this day:  
Youre mournfull straines to sadder fates assigne.  
Now with glad notes salute Saint Valentine:

For in this sacred and melodious quire,  
The angels will beare part, tis their desire  
To have this combination shrild so hie,  
That heaven may eccho with the melodie.  
And now, me thinks, I from a cherubs tongue  
Heare this applausive hymne most sweetly sung.

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## A NUPTIAL HYMNE.

Now's the glad and cheerefull day,  
Phœbus doth his beames display,  
And the faire bride forth to lead  
Makes his torch their nuptial tead,  
O, thou Apollo bright!  
Lend us thy cherefull light,  
That thy glorious orb of fire  
We more freely may admire.

But when seated in thy pride  
Thou behold'st the lovely bride,  
Envie not when thou dost find  
Thy one eye by her two stroke blind:  
Thou art eclipst this day  
By a new Cynthia;  
Who though on earth shee keepe her sphere,  
Yet shines as faire, as bright, as cleere.



If in clouds thou maske thy face  
 Blushing at thy owne disgrace,  
 Or cast aside thy glistering rayes  
 When she once her eyes displayes ;  
     We shall neglect thee quite,  
     Thy powre, thy heat, thy light ;  
 Nor shall we misse thee being gone,  
 Having two sunnes for thy one.

'T seemes, when I this couple see,  
 Thy sister I behold and thee,  
 When you both were nurst long while  
 By Laton' in Delos' isle :  
     But the faire sunne and moone  
     Were there delivered soone,  
 Just as I see these two grac't  
 On earth : so you in heaven were plac't.

Equally shine in the spheares,  
 In like beautie, and like yeares.  
 No sinister fate betide  
 The faire bridgroume, and the bride.  
     O ! never may blacke cloud  
     Two such bright lusters shroud  
 From the worlds eye, but still shine  
 Till fate make you both divine.

He a prince is, gravely yong,  
 Catoes head, and Tullies tongue,  
 Nereus shape, Ulisses braine ;  
 Had he with these Nestors raine,

Injoying all the rest  
Of heaven (that we request)  
That they likewise would afford  
To manage these a Hectors sword.

Had great Jove beheld this queene,  
When Europa first was seene,  
O're the seas he had not brought her,  
Nor Ægenor left his daughter.

Europe, that spacious ground  
Through the world so renown'd,  
Had lost her stile, and ere her death  
It had beene cal'd Elizabeth.

Had she then liv'd, Danæ should  
Have di'd an Ancresse: showers of gold  
Had not rain'd downe her to intrap,  
All had beene powred in your lap.

Io had never beene  
The great Ægyptian queene,  
But for a goddess after death  
They had ador'd Elizabeth.

Could a fairer saint be shrin'd  
Worthier to bee divin'd?  
You equall her in vertues fame  
From whom you receiv'd your name:  
Englands once shining star,  
Whose bright beames spread so far,  
Who but did lament the death  
Of that good queene Elizabeth?



To none I better may compare  
Your sweet selfe then one so rare :  
Like grac't you are from above,  
You succeed her in her love.

As you enjoy her name,  
Likewise possesse her fame ;  
For that alone lives after death,  
So shall the name Elizabeth.

Whil'st the flower de luyce we see  
With our lyons quartered be,  
The white lion keepe his place,  
David's harpe retaine his grace ;  
Whil'st these united are,  
Despight all forraine warre,  
Foure great kingdomes after death  
Shall memorise Elizabeth.

May that name be raised hie,  
Nor in the femall issue die :  
A joyfull and glad mother prove,  
Protected by the powers above,  
That from the royall line,  
Which this day doth combine  
With a brave prince, no fate, no death,  
Extinguish may Elizabeth.

May the branches spread so far,  
Famous both in peace and war,  
That the Roman eagle may  
Be instated some blest day,

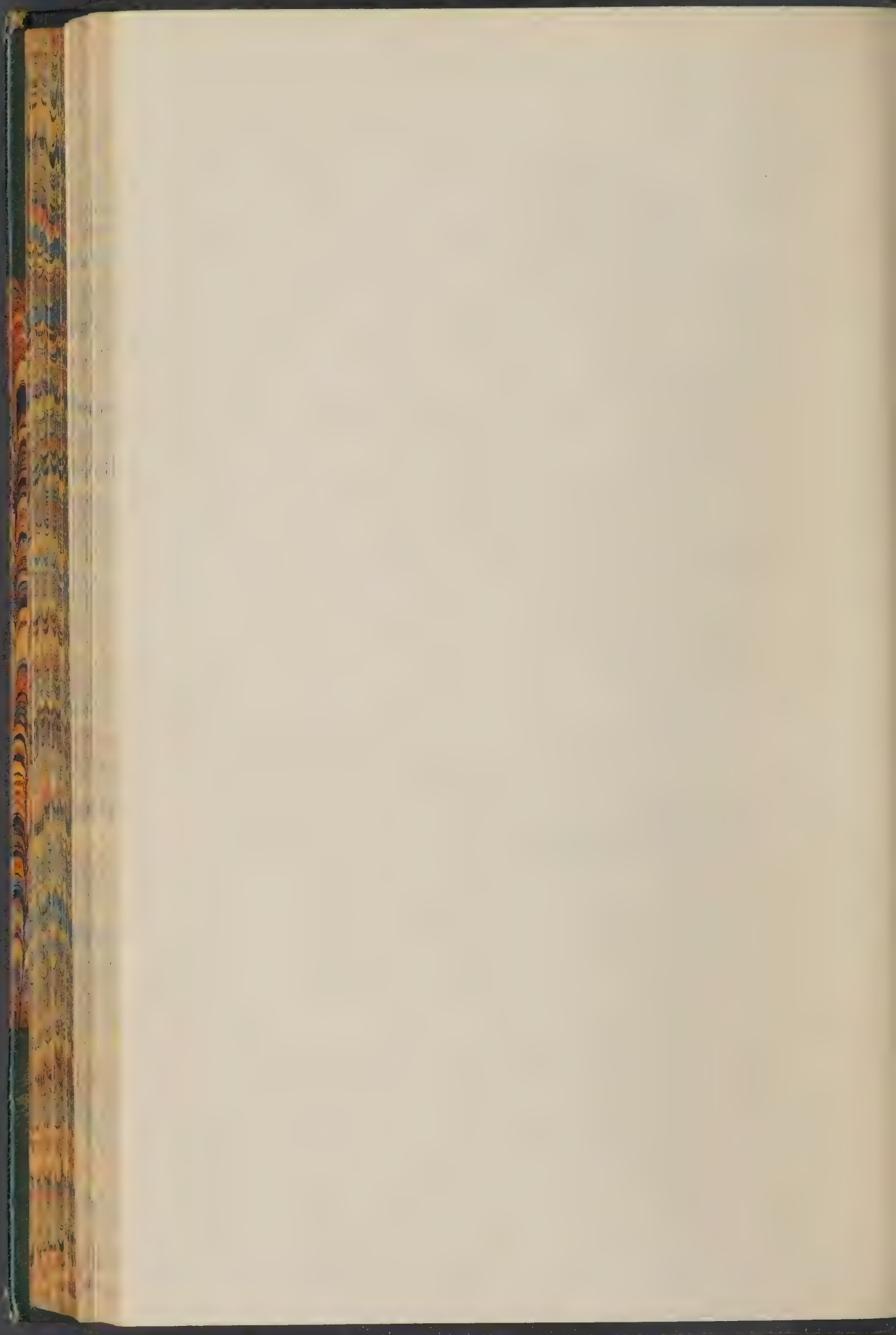
Despight of Romes proud brags,  
Within our English flags,  
To revive you after death,  
That we may praise Elizabeth.

That when your hie crest is borne  
By the faire white unicorne,  
The wild-man, the greyhound, and  
Fierce dragon, that supporters stand,  
With lions red and white,  
Which with the harpe unite ;  
Then the faulcon joyn'd with these  
May the Roman eagle seize.

All the nymphs straw sundry poses  
Made of red, and of white roses ;  
On her bed wait all the graces :  
Maides to them resigne your places,  
Oh ! may their nuptiall love  
In time a blest heire prove,  
To make famous after death  
Frederick and Elizabeth.

*Ore pares, ævo similes, gens mollis amorum.*





## NOTES.

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P. 3, l. 13.—In the original, by an error of grammar, the line runs : “Now the wet winter of our teares *are* past.”

P. 3, l. 19.—*O thou my muse, &c.*] This and some following lines refer to Heywood's poem on the loss of Prince Henry, entitled “A funerall Elegie upon the Death of Henry, Prince of Wales,” 1613, 4to.

P. 12, l. 9.—*We only may compare.*] A passage warranting the well-known line in “The Double Falsehood,” which Theobald attributed to Shakespeare,

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

P. 14, l. 25.—*the two Atrides.*] A strange license for the sake of the rhyme. Heywood, who was a well-read man, of course knew better. In other places the poet has not felt himself bound by the ancient quantities.

P. 16, l. 6.—*A rich smaragd.*] i.e. an emerald, for which smaragd was the old name, from the Greek *σμαραγδος*.

P. 18, l. 25.—*O[r] stop her prosperous course.*] In the original the letter *r* seems accidentally to have dropped out in the press. This allusion to the *Remora* is very frequent in our old writers.

P. 21, l. 27.—*To the Cymerians were she meanes to dwell.*] So the original, but obviously misprinted for *where*.



P. 24, l. 12.—*Be ever henceforth crown'd, Saint Valentine.*] The marriage took place on St. Valentine's day 1613.

P. 25, l. 11.—*Makes his torch their nuptial tead.*] *Tead* is a word used in the same sense by Spenser, but in other authors it is of uncommon occurrence. It is from the Latin *tæda*, but probably we obtained it from the old French *tede*, a torch.

P. 27, l. 8.—*Nor Ægenor left his daughter.*] We ought probably to read *lost* for "left."

PATIENT GRISEL.











